

THE DRUM MAJOR'S STRATAGEM.



Leader: "Wake up dere, Schneider, an' play wid dat drum once or twice. You've bin asleep dere a half hour."



At the barracks: "I've got'a do someth'g wid dat Dutch drummer. He's gittin' too lazy to hold 'is hand up."



"Ah, I have it! Bein's I'm someth'g of an artist, I'll paint a picture on here of de feller wot hit 'im wid a brick last week."



And the effect was electrical.

How Some Men Save.

WHEELER—I'll bet old Dives is saving up for a new wheel.
WILSON—Nonsense. He drinks and smokes just as much as ever.
WHEELER—Oh, yes. But his wife looks half starved and awfully shabby.

In the Suburbs.

HICKS—Is it true then that you're living beyond your station?
WICKS—Yes—two miles.

As Smoke Wreaths Curled.

QUERICUS—How do you regard the manufacture of Eve from Adam's rib?
CYNICUS—As a side-splitting joke.

Exactly to Her Taste.

MRS. LARKIN—Do you like Welsh rabbit, Mrs. Wester?
Mrs. Wester (who never ate any)—Oh, yes, indeed. I do love all sorts of imported foods.

A Deduction.

Old Time must be a drunkard
If there's truth in the adage trite
Which declares that "Time is money"—
For money is always tight.

Prospects for a Release.

CRANK—Why do you call your new short stop the "Ancient Mariner"?
MANAGER—Because he only 'stoppeth one of three."

The Light That Succeeded.

The Colonel had just finished telling of a battle with train robbers he once had when a deputy marshal in Texas, when the Connecticut whetstone drummer said:
"The most people I ever saw killed in a fight was in Georgia."

"Moonshiners?" asked the Colonel.
"No; I'll tell you about it. I was down there in the Fall of '96 around among the country towns. The people up in the northern part are the most ignorant, simple kind of folks you ever saw. They plow with little red steers, and pick blackberries and chase rabbits for a livelihood. They all dip snuff and eat clay. They are known in that part of the country as "Crackers." One night I went to a dance at a cross roads schoolhouse where there was a lot of them present, mostly barefooted and chewing away on their sweetgum snuff brushes. There was an awful pretty girl among them, and as I had on store clothes, tan shoes and could talk some, I soon had a big mash on her. The other fellows stood around in the corners when they weren't out taking a drink and glared at me.
"After a while a lop-sided youth with yellow hair came over where we were sitting, hitched up his suspenders and said:
"Stranger, Bill Adams wants to see ye in the next room."

"Who's Bill Adams?" I said to the girl.
"Oh, me and Bill's to be spliced next week," she said. "Bill, like as not, wants to kill ye, but I likes ye, stranger, more'n I does Bill, so ye go in an' fight like wild cats, and I'll marry ye instead."

"I've got into a pleasing how-do-do," thinks I to myself, but I went in to see Bill, resolving to take all kinds of water before I would fight him.
"I followed the yellow haired gentleman into the next room, and found about a dozen lank six-footers lounging around to see the fun.
"That's Bill," said my conductor, pointing to a giant about 6 feet 4, who stood by a table on which burned a tallow candle.
"Bill threw a couple of bowie knives about nine inches long on the table and said:
"Stranger, you take one o' them knives an' git a move on you. I'm agoin' to kill you or you're a goin' to kill me. Ef yer don't fout we'll string yer up on a lim' in ten minutes. I gives yer a fa'r chance."

"Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I picked up one of the knives from the table, and in another second Bill sprang forward, and I saw his arm poised above me as long as the mast of a schooner. I was so badly rattled that my knife dropped from my hands to the floor."

"In another instant Bill's weapon would have descended into my breast, but a sudden inspiration flashed into my head, and I seized the candle from the table and touched him with it quick as lightning.
"When I recovered my senses I was lying in the yard with half the window sash hung about my neck, and I saw the ruins of the house scattered in every direction. Here and there lay the bodies of Bill's unfortunate friends, who had been hurled to destruction by the force of the explosion."

"What explosion?" asked the Colonel, with a suspicious and gloomy look upon his face.
"Why, Bill," said the whetstone drummer, "you know I told you he was a 'Cracker.'"
"I don't care if he was," said the Colonel fiercely. "If there's any drinks ordered on this narrative, you've got to pay for 'em."

The Flavor Was There.

WAITER—How did you like that cheese omelet, sir?
KINKENHEIMER—Well, if dose eggs you used in him vas not schpooled, dot vas fery fine scheese.

No Need for the Newspapers.

To find the weather for the day
I have a method plain,
When Clara dons her silken hose
I know it's going to rain.

The Summer Manoeuvres.

HE—This camp reminds me of Europe.
SHE—Of Europe?
HE—Yes; it's an armed camp.
And then the waist places were made glad.

Sticking to the Truth.

MRS. SHARPLEIGH—Why were you so late coming home to-night?
MR. SHARPLEIGH—Oh, there were a dozen things kept me busy downtown.
MRS. SHARPLEIGH—I guess you haven't lied about the number anyhow. I see the "Twelve Temptations" were billed at the theatre to-night.

Been There Before.

DE RUYTER—Have you read Scribblar's last book?
REDAR—I hope so.

Can't Forget Them.

"Why do the Chinese make such good actors?"
"They never forget their cues."

HANDY.



MRS. HIGHFLAT—There's a rent in your coat, Hubby.
MR. HIGHFLAT—I wish it was in the pocket.
MRS. HIGHFLAT—Why?
MR. HIGHFLAT—I'd give it to the landlord.

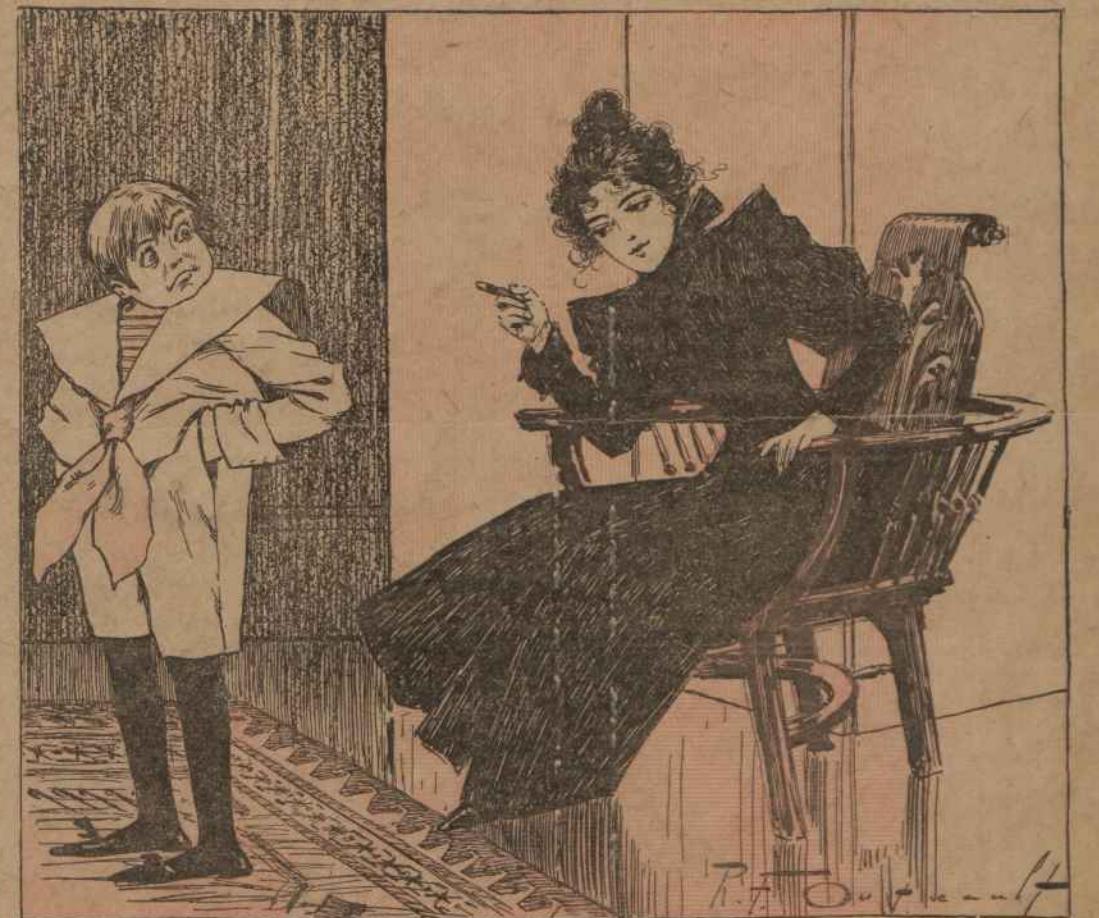
Kansas Courtesy.

Half way 'twixt earth and heaven
Two strangers met one day
There was no salute in passing,
As each went on his way
For where a cyclone strikes one
There isn't much to say.

Mary Again.

Mary had a little lamb,
I wish she hadn't had,
For she is directly responsible for four million
three hundred and seventy-five thousand
two hundred and sixty-five quatrains,
And all of them are bad.

UNDER CONSIDERATION.



MOTHER—Tommy, if you are not good I'll send you to bed without your supper.
TOMMY—What you goin' to have for supper?

His Advice.

If during Lent some sacrifice
For proper form must be,
I wish you would, Miss Prettygirl,
Give up your heart to me.

The Same, but Different.

SUITOR (old and bankrupt)—Well, Miss Ten Stryke, do you entertain my proposition?
YOUNG HEIRESS (laughing)—No. It entertains me.

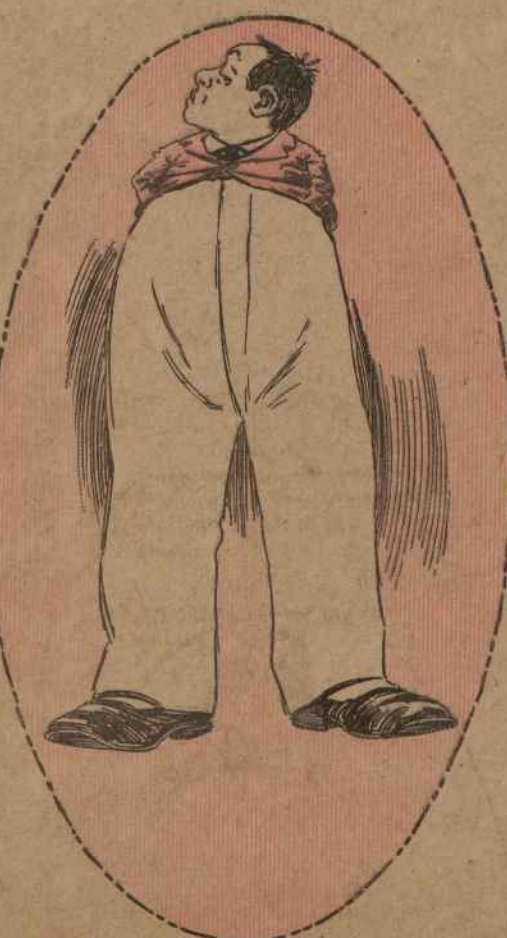
The Art of Coloring.

The mystery of coloring
Is deep, for it is said
The "long green" is the proper thing
To paint the town bright red.

A Servant Problem Solved.

MRS. BONNTON—Why does Mrs. Newrich talk so continually about her servants?
MISS BONNTON—If she didn't how would everybody know she keeps fourteen?

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.



This is the way the small boy thinks he looks when rigged out in his first pair of long trousers.



This is the way the average boy imagines he looks when he wears his first watch and chain.



This is the way Cholly feels when he sports his first high hat.



When a young man dons his first dress suit it is exceedingly difficult for him to realize that he is not all shirt bosom.



The first time a man tries to stand up under the weight of a one-carat diamond his sensations are peculiar.